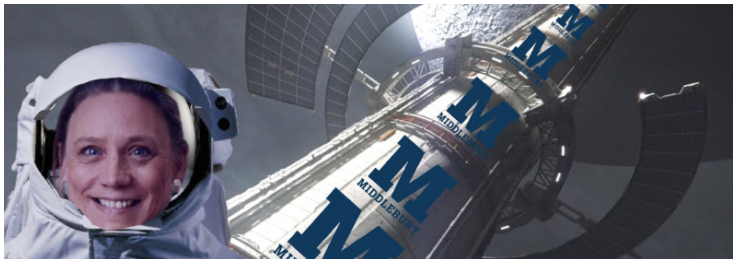
The Local Noodle

VOLUME VI, NO. 1 MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT · FRIDAY, 22 SEPTEMBER 2023 @thelocalnoodle

Middlebury Builds Moon Elevator



Students and faculty were shocked on Tuesday morning when President Patton announced Middlebury's newest construction initiative: a moon elevator.

"Recently, I've been wandering the rolling hills and verdant fields of Middlebury's pristine campus, wondering what it is, exactly, that we're missing," President Patton admitted to a hastily assembled group of Campus reporters and NASA engineers. "Our college ranking has fallen from ninth to eleventh, and I can't help but wonder if the reason lies in the fact that we do not have a moon elevator – that is, an elevator that sends its occupants up to the surface of the moon."

Professor Bob TheBuilder, chair of the History of Art and Architecture department, voiced his support. "A moon elevator is just what Middlebury needs. Granted, it will be impossible to hit our goal of carbon neutrality while constructing a 1.261 billion foot, stainless steel advanced elevator system to space," he explained.

"We will also need to tear down both the Knoll and its solar panels in order to make space for this project. However, we truly believe that being the first small liberal arts college to build and operate a moon elevator is much more important than barely making a dent in the carbon output of this doomed planet."

Venus Jupiter, a NASA engineers consulting on the project, chimed in, "With current technologies, at a brisk clip of one hundred feet per minute, the elevator will take one hundred and sixty million minutes to reach the Moon's surface. It will also cost the College around one billion trillion dollars. Money well spent!"

Concerned students had less flattering things to say. "If this elevator falls over, it will take out all of Vermont," one visibly upset environmental studies said. "The trout population of Vermont would be eliminated, to say nothing of the tens of people who fish for the trout."

"We cannot overemphasize the historical urgency of this moment," President Patton concluded. "This is one small step for Middlebury College, one giant leap for residential liberal arts colleges everywhere."

Student Who Took the 10K Experiences Twenty-Four Hours of Financial Independence

Following the College's decision to offer students 10,000 US dollars to stay at home for the semester, Max Wiffdraul, a junior majoring in something soon, took the money and had the best and most financially independent twenty-four hours of his life.

"Wiffdraul was the perfect candidate to take the 10K," the dean of the junior class, Boggart Champbellend, said on Thursday. "He has absolutely no friends and no campus commitments. I guarantee that no one will notice that he's gone, and his leave of absence will have little effect on the community as a whole."

Financially speaking, the Middlebury student body has a long and rich history of relying on hard-earned generational wealth and/or experiencing crippling debt until the day they die. After the 10K hit Max's bank account, he was briefly exempt from these two categories – but only for twenty-four hours. "It was absolutely intoxicating," Max said when prompted about his fleeting experience. "I was a king for each one of those 1,440 delectable minutes, a modern day Midas, no less than a God. But hark! To all those who may follow in my path, who may one day–like me–sample that elusive taste of fiscal sovereignty: do not fall victim to the sin of pride as I have. For wealth tends to corrupt; and a multi-thousand dollar lump sum deposited in the bank account of a 20 year-old tends to be spent on indulgently excessive virtual-reality porn subscriptions."

Analysis of Wiffdraul's bank account confirms that he has since faded back into the dull and drab gray of monetary parasitism common to Middlebury. His account balance is now at its pre-deposit levels of twenty cents and a candy bar. His experience serves as a cautionary tale to those who come into money and a testament to the transient nature of financial freedom and the enduring allure of tasteful Brazzers content.

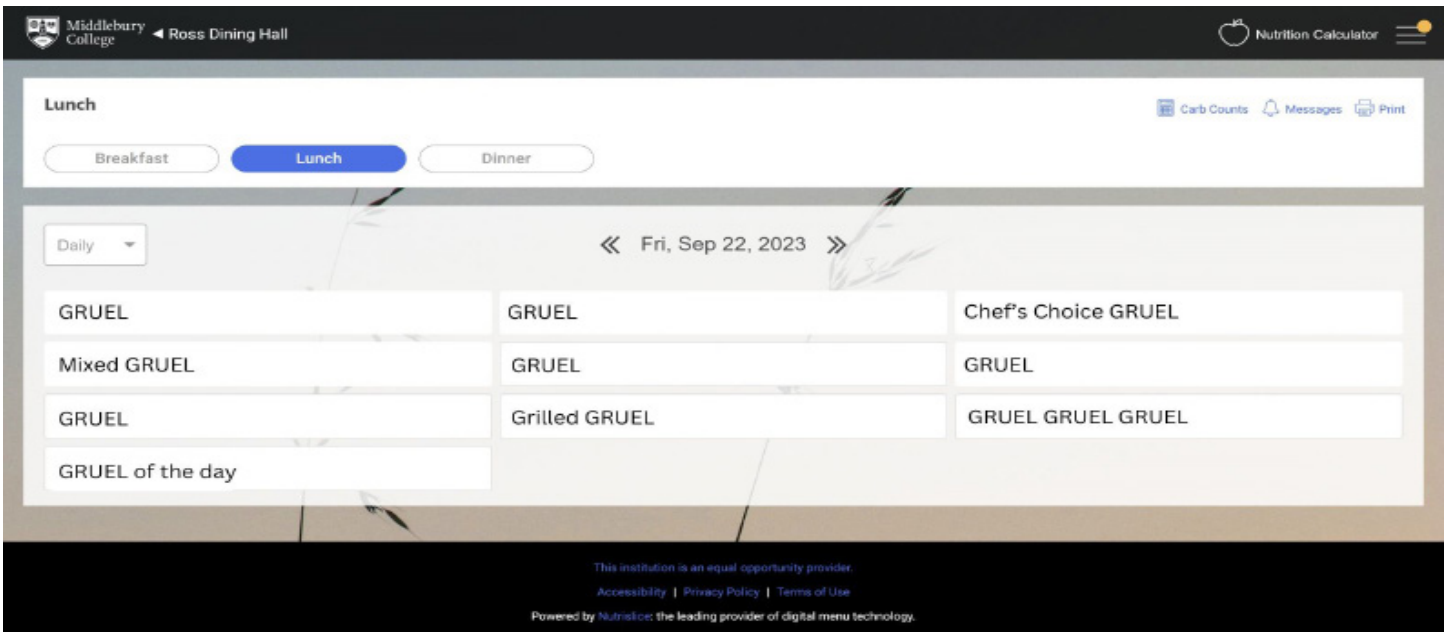
Middlebury Turns Newly Renovated Johnson Into a McDonald's; Eliminates Architecture Department

After two years of painstakingly renovating Johnson, the Middlebury administration has decided to cut the architecture department and turn the building into a McDonald's.

"We deeply regret giving the Architecture Department total authority over the Johnson renovation," President Patton said on Thursday. "The truth is that we gave the architecture majors many, many shots. It's not like we turned down their ideas for being too cost-aware and energy efficient. No. They built a building so closely resembling a McDonald's that we've decided to make it into just that, and as a reward for their glutton and poor taste, we've decided to eliminate the entire History of Arts and Architecture department."

"Our architecture program isn't even that good," ranted an aspiring engineer Builda Berh, "We should never have let them design and implement this red-carpeted monstrosity. Unleashing these aspiring and poorly trained architects on the rest of the world would be an affront to Middlebury's civic duty. That's why we're firing all of our architecture professors and terminating the department, effective immediately."

In a letter of support for the move, graduated architecture major Timber Joist wrote, "You can add red carpet to anything to make it look fancy – this is the first thing they teach you in the Middlebury architecture program. And the second thing they teach you is to not be an architect, which is probably the reason we're all so bad at it. Be glad that they're destroying your dreams early and from the inside out. Trust me, I'd rather have a McChicken, a McFlurry, and an Econ degree than the years of existential dread that plagued me when I graduated."



Ross's new dining hall options appeal to those who permanently lost their senses of taste and smell during the COVID-19 pandemic.

Funny? We're hiring!

go/thanksbiden/ for Photo Editors
go/pegging/ for Staff Writers

Fall application cycle closes Monday, 25 September.

Artist's rendering of what occurred at the Middlebury Inn between his mother and Edward "Smirnoff Hands" Mead.

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Middlebury's only news source. Since 1800.

Op-Ed: My Roommate is Now My Stepfather

By GARRETT WINESALOT

With parents' weekend on the horizon, I wanted to share my warning. I wish for no other Middlebury Panthers to experience the familial cougar-on-comrade coitaling that I went through during Parents Weekend 2022. Going into my junior feb fall, I knew this parents' weekend would be a little different from the last, as I would be now visited by my mom, my dad, and Trishy, the 23-year-old star cart girl at the Mar-a-Lago Golf eCourse I now know as my stepmother. As expected, my mother was dismayed, so like any good son I rallied my friends and brothers of toho three to make her feel as included as possible. Inspired by a recent innovation in reality TV programming, the gem Milf Manor, I decided that my mom's confidence might be replenished by a young handsome date of her own. With nothing but my mom's best interest at heart, I set out to find her the most tender heart of toho three, a young man with looks, charms, personality, and charisma – a friend I'd love to see my mom fuck. Would he bring her flowers and run around the car to open the door for her? Would he run off to go bang a 23-year-old cart girl? Would he do it in my childhood bedroom? On my Lightning McQueen sheets in full view of my Little League trophies? These are a few of the very important questions I included in the fifty page questionnaire I gave my boys. After hours of deliberation, it was clear that Edward "Smirnoff Hands" Mead, class of '26 ~~'25.5 '25 '24.5~~ , infamous butt chugger, friend and fucker of household pets, alleged "third base grace" of Liza Minelli, and community friend to upwards of thirty fucking townschildren, that good ol' Ed was the right partner for Ma. It was this love of butt chugging and the youth engagement that signaled to me that he would create a night of dis-/passionate sexual renewal for my newly single mother. With a dozen raw, unshucked oysters, a shucking knife, and a pat on the back and ass, Smirnoff and the woman who brought me into this world were off to the Morgan Tavern and, eventually, the honeymoon suite of the Middlebury Inn. Now before you go telling me what a great son I am for helping rejuvenate the moms, this story does not have the happy ending I was hoping for. What was supposed to be a one off night of passion, actually resulted in the consummation of a step-dad-that-stepped-up type marriage that is really shitting on my vibe. Smirnoff might be a good community friend, but he is no father.

Baseball Team Purchases Truck Nuts™

As campus starts to settle down after the excitement of the first week of classes, the Noodle is both honored and excited to report that yes, the rumors are true: the entire Middlebury "Men's" Baseball Team has bought Truck Nuts™.

For those unfamiliar with the concept, Truck Nuts™ (formerly Truck Nutz™) are the metal-based yet deftly sculpted pair of balls that are hung from the automobiles of many upstanding citizens generally located in the American South.

The same team that once prided itself on athletic prowess and maybe other things is now wholly focused on proudly flaunting their vehicles' newfangled testicular attachments.

Regardless of the reasoning, it's clear that these young athlete-students have chosen to make a statement about their oddly glistening commitment to a certain brand of masculinity. Gone are the days of batting averages and ERAs; now it's all about the size and swing of one's vehicular scrotum.

Baseball's Coach Goneads has found himself in the unenviable position of defending the decision. In a recent press conference, he explained, "This is not your run-of-the-mill knuckleheadery: they've gone from being scholars of the game to being scholars of balls. What you're witnessing here is actually a postmodern critique of the masculine need to feel seen and strong. They're just expressing this contentious position in their own way — through casted balls."

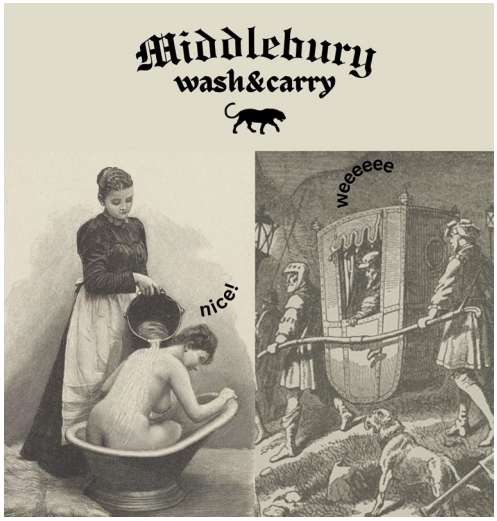
A member of the Middlebury baseball team stares fondly at his new Truck Nuts.

What Your Classmates Did This Summer

Opti Tron, '25 (Waiter): I optimized the delivery of key nutrients to consumers in a high-paced, client-facing role. I also worked on maintaining normal human facial expressions such as "pleasant," "surprised," and "happy" while interfacing with the masses. Finally, I problem-solved in crucial moments, such as when one consumer had a life-threatening allergic reaction to shellfish. Overall, my journey at TGI Friday's taught me that professional advancement is all about growing from one's (fatal) mistakes.

Hyp O'Crite, '24 (Consulting Intern): I made some slide decks and spun around in my squeaky desk chair for hours on end. Then I went to the free snack bar and had some delicious crispy jalapeno chips and a chocolate oat shake with a paper straw (save the turtles!). Then I authorized and facilitated the release of 100,000 gallons of oil into the Atlantic ocean — a bit above my pay grade but a necessary evil.

Anonymous (Conflict Transformation Intern, Terror Division): As summer comes to a close, I can't help but express my gratitude for how the last three months have panned out. When I first applied to ISIS as a junior martyr, I never would have expected how magical the next three months would be. Learning about Terror from my supportive mentors and comrades was an experience that has changed my life, both literally and figuratively, and the English major in me found fighting fascism with fascism rife with juicy paradox. I am now experiencing visa issues and have been denied entry to the United States for the foreseeable future.



Left: Middlebury Wash and Carry isn't just for laundry anymore.